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Manchester John Cary

AL MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO *Mortis*, & *Immortalitatis*.

The former Papers not intended to the Presse,
Haue pressed the publishing of these.

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CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN, and DIVINES doe all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ; vna est ACTIVA, altera CONTEMPLATIVA, tertia VOLVPTVARIA.*

Which of these is best. *Quæritur.*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take vp all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otiosa*, because it is in *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all,

as I haue done, ſhall finde, that action profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations haue *generationem longam, fruitionem breuem*, are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldome come to enioying; alwayes in conceit, neuer in act.

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to do as well as vnderſtand; In earthly things to be an actor, of heauenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity conſiſts neither in reſt nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

The Counſellor ſaith, A Stateſman ſhould be thus reparti-ted; his will to God, his loue to his maſter, his heart to his Countrey, his ſecret to his friend, his time to buſineſſe.

It is true, retiredneſſe is more ſafe then buſineſſe, *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis.* And yet theleſſe you doe, the more you

ſuffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes buſie; So a publique man ſhould not alwayes be ſhut vp in thoughts, pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be alwayes, or neuer alone is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lies in the right choice of a good ſubiect to contemplate: For euery knowing man is ſo inquiſitiue by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancy, as in this it is happy for him to fall vpon that ſubiect which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers and ſome late Writers haue fixed vpon the loue of God; Some vpon the paſſion of Chriſt; Some vpon the ioyes of heauen; ſome vpon contempt of the world; ſeuerall others vpon diuers other ſubiects; All opining, that ſome one is to be choſen. For who ſo will *viuere ſibi*, muſt *vacare Deo*. And a

a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribendae est in Tempore otij; Qui minoratur actu*, He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotijs publicis vacans, (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, vsefull and delightfull,

Cogitare de Nouissimo.

Quatuor sunt Nouissima, say the Fathers; Heauen and Hell, Death and Iudgement,

All subiects large enough.

But considering I haue passed so much imployment, so many offices, so long practice in seuerall professions, (as euery publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the seruice of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on me.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten deuotion, then it applied it

it ſelfe to Contemplation, which required a ſettlement vpon ſome diuine obiect.

And what more heauenly then the thought of Immortality? what ſo neceſſary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complyed with my owne deſires, and made choice of Death and Immortality for the ſubiect of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or euill; but Diuines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries onely.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to loue God: when God himſelfe had ſeene the things created in ſeuerall pieces, he ſaid, They were good;

But when hee conſidered the vniuerſe, as it were in Contemplation; then he ſaid, Loe, they were exceeding good. For Meditation conſiders her obiects piece by piece, But Contemplation ſums

them altogether, and ſees, as in a groſſe, all the ſeuerall beauties of Meditations Obiects.

Meditation is with a man, as hee that ſmels the Violet, the Roſe, the Ieſſamie, and the Orenge flowers diuidually. (My Meditations of the Lord are ſweet of themſelues, ſaith *Dauid*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouſe plaits vp her haire, truſſing it vp in one knot, to ſhew that wee ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into variety of conſiderations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans ſoule being once affected, hardly ſhall hee obtaine leaue of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipſi manerem incognitus: (for the old word is a true one) *nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta, niſi teipſum*

ſum legas & intelligas.

I therefore applyed my ſelfe *ad meum Nouiſſimum, What man liueth, and ſhall not ſee death?* And if after death, *Iuſtus vix ſalvabitur*, we may well be fearefull, and had need be carefull that wee bee not taken vnprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,

Will one day bea dolefull ſaying.

When I was a young man, ſaith *Seneca*, my care was to liue well, I then practiſed *Artem bene viuendi.* When age came vpon me, I then ſtudied *Artem bene moriendi:* How to die well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet niſi in fine.* Yet when I was *occcupatiſſimus, hoc me dulci oblectabam ſolatio, aliquando me victurum mihi:* hoping to haue ſweete leaſure to enioy my ſelfe at laſt.

And this I am now come to.

Diſponendo, non mutando me.

The couenant of the graue is ſhewed to no man, ſaith the wiſe man, but the watchword is giuen to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let mee be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to dye.

In the courſes of my life I haue had interchanges; the world it ſelfe ſtands vpon viciſſitudes: *Aduerſis & Proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam:* When I firſt tooke mee to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam vt togam appeto, non longam ſed concinnam*, Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obſcurity kept a man free from enuy: although any kind of ſuperiority bee a marke of Enuy; yet not to be ſo high, as to prouoke an ill eye, nor ſo low as to be tro-

den

den on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I haue since had a greater portion of the worlds fauour, then I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To checke repining at those aboue me, I alwaies looked at those below me; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I haue considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre be not past till all the glasse bee runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most faintly,

faintly, when it drawes neereſt to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well aduiſed; There was only *vnum neceſſarium:*

One thing haue I deſired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his houſe for euer.

This was *Dauids vnum*, and, God willing, ſhall bee mine.

Phyſicians exclaime, *Vita breuis, Ars longa*: But Diuines teach, *Ars optima eſt, viuendo diſcere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to bee begun when *præ foribus mors eſt*, Then the Sinſicke Soule will ſay, *Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis huius!* But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then reioyce to ſay,

Mihi viuere Chriſtus eſt, & mori lucrum:

Welcome death more bleſſed then my Birth.

I haue euer thought the right way to die well, was, to liue well: And the way to liue well in the world, was to die betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo, yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo viuere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I tooke to me these three Coadiutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity, Caritatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam:* And for my soules health often vsed this preparatiue,

Examen Conscientiæ meæ.

Nam quicunque cordi habet salutem suam, let him euery day, *Manè & vespere*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die præcedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath he said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem inuenerit*, let him mend it, *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.*

This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say; *Vix fieri poterit vt quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*

Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. *First, what death was, and the kinds of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or ioyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of these things I thus resolued,

THat DEATH was but a fall which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him

him wee all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith S. *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, vnde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus.* Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh vs, Blood in the Euchariſt to heale vs. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhee was yong, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhe hath halted euer ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not onely the perſon, but the nature, (Such is the infection of euill, alwaies worſe then the act) making man, that was immortall, ſubiect to death.

Heu triſtis & lacrymoſa mutatio!

Notwithſtanding, as wee now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall bee not our riſe; The aduantage wee haue by *Chriſt* being more then the loſſe wee had by *Adam.*

Proud Nature would faine re aſpire

re-aſpire to that it was. *Ideò qui ſtat, videat ne cadat.* For relapſe may turne vs againe to bee as Birdes and Beaſts, who haue no ioy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelfe miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made vs mortall; *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri.* Therefore wee haue reaſon to account Mercy, as it relieues miſery, to bee the beſt vertue, though it worke vpon the worſt obiect.

Miſericordia vicina eſt miſeris.

What Death is.

IF wee conſider death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlumened at firſt by breath caſt vpon it. Mors Tinea eſt*, ſaith *Iob*; *ex veſte oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interiected

iected betwixt two extreames; A parentheſis, which interpoſed breakes no ſenſe, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid eſt mors?* he anſwered, *Aut finis eſt, aut tranſitus.* The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors eſt æternus ſomnus, dimitum panor, pauperum deſiderium. Plato* ſaid it was, *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.* One tearmes it to be but the ceſſation of the Soules functions. O, ſaith Saint *Auſtine, that I could ſee Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, haſt now made it! It is become the anci-enteſt King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moſes*, ſaith S. *Paul*, yet at laſt this King ſhall be conquered, *The laſt enemy to be deſtroyed, is death.*

The

The nature of Death.

VVHat is the nature of it, few know, though all ſhall feele it. But that muſt needes be nothing that hath no cauſe efficient, but deficient: *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil.* It hath no eſſence, it is no ſubſtance, but priuation; no creature, but *creaturarum ſepultura.* Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſſe. *God made it not,* ſaith the booke of *Wiſedome, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things which he had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens.* Therefore good Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made death; wherefore, I beſeech thee, ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to raigne ouer that which thou haſt*

hath made. Yet it is no errour to say that man made death for Curiosity (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God neuer made, (which was the euill of death) thinking it had beene good to know euill, by desiring to know it, made it.

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so diuine a thing is knowledge, (which is not giuen to keepe, but to impart) that wee see Innocency it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discouer things we can neuer know. By which wesee, that although nature her selfe bee moderate in her desires, yet conceit is vnsatiable: neuertheleſſe no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill, *non nisi*

sciens

sciens malus, and as one saith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little. Since God hath reuealed more then we can know; enough to make vs happy, let vs learne sober knowledge, and contented ignorance.

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the author of Death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra:* the two great regents, one in Heauen, the other on earth, yet neither of these produced it; who euer was the Father of it, Sinne was the mother; for saith Saint *Iames*, *Sin being finished*, trauaileth in childbirth like a mother to *bring forth Death*. *Adam* falling, Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne death enters.

Good Saint *Austin* puts the Deuill this question, *Satan, quare inui-*

inuidisti homini stanti, te cadente? Death had no interest in man till sin had dispossessed him of the freehold hee had in God. *There was no trust in Gods seruants*, saith *Eliphaz*, but euen Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Deuill right, he did but perswade, not compell: it was in mans choice to stand or fall.

Adam acceperat posse quod vellet, non velle quod posset. Nos accepimus & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus; Ille posse non mori, nos non posse mori. Sic Augustinus.

Power of standing, man had from God, but possibility of falling from himselfe. Therefore though wee may thanke our first parents for our birth, sinne; yet wee may thanke our selues for improuing it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* said well, *A me salua me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were giuen him but in trust, and vnder a condition

dition; hee abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, euer ſubiect to extremitie, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but he cared not for it. With men counſels are like faces, that which is faire, pleaſes. But had the minde gouerned the eye, the Apple could not haue beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proude aſpiring thought was hatcht in man, The Deuill was the promooter, Sinne was the author, and wee being partners in the ſinne, ſhared in the puniſhment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æquat.*

Sith then Death by ſinne ſtole in at the window; (for the eye alwayes recoyles vpon the heart, when it beholdes that which is pleaſing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to liſten to ill counſell;

Let vs caſt out ſinne by the eares,

eares, in hearkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *Iohn* calles it a ſleepe: *Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit.* Of Saint *Stephen* it was ſaid, *When hee had thus ſpoken,* he *ſlept.* The *Patriarks* and Kings of Iudah are ſaid to *ſleepe with their Fathers.* *Man,* ſaith *Iob, lyeth downe and riſeth not.* Hee ſhall not be awaked out of his ſleepe till the heauens bee no more. *Tranſitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortẽ,* ſaith S. *Bernard. Sed ideo ſcriptura dormientes appellat, vt euigilaturos minimè deſperemus: Hee is not dead,* ſaith *Dauid, but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *Wee ſhall not all ſleepe, but wee ſhall all be*

changed. The night ſauours of mortality, and ſleepe is but the ſhadow of Death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot bee farre off: *Vmbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem.*
Acquiritur terra procumbentibus.

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine*, *In vita vigilant iuſti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper vnto man, hee ſent a ſleepe vpon him. *Somnium ægrotantium, vt nouimus, ſalutis eſt indicium.*

But let it be *Mors à morſu* which our firſt parents taſted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet tarries for vs all, let her be ſtiled Lady, Miſtreſſe of the world, that will not bee courted, nor yet caſt off. Yet is ſhee but *vox tantum*, A thing next to nothing, *ſolo timenda ſono.*

Better is it called, a transfiguration or tranſmigration, from life by Death to life againe: *Exitus, non Tranſitus; Tranſitus quem ire non intelleximus, tranſiſſe ſentimus.*

The

The Graue is but a withdrawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take reſt ſweeter then ſleepe. And when it is time to riſe, *Cum expergiſcar, Then ſhall I bee ſatiſfied*, ſaith the Prophet *Dauid*.

Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is cõmon to all. *Mors etiam ſanctis nominibuſq; venit.* All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a fauour afforded by Nature, *Quod grauiſſimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati conſolaretur æqualitas. Who liues and ſhall not ſee Death?*

The Fathers haue eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, euen *Chriſt* himſelfe, *being found in faſhion as a man, humbled himſelfe, and became obedient to death.* It is as naturall to die, as to be borne; Yet when

wee ſay a man dyes naturally, wee ſpeake improperly; for a man dyes not as a beaſt, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per ſtatutum*; *Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*: It is the municipall Law of the Earth, to die once; of Heauen, to liue euer; of Hell, to dye for euer. *Orimur, Morimur*: Wee come into the world with a ſheete about vs, no ſooner borne, but going to bee buried. *Seneca* ſaies truely, Wee are borne crying, wee liue laughing, and dye ſighing.

For all this man is euen with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingenijs chara in corpore mora eſt*: The good ſoule *egre fert has anguſtias*. Therefore what great thing doth death in haſtening dayes? This ſhewes infirmity, rather then power. Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetuſtas*; Death onely ſhortens time, not life: for lifes time ſhortens by lengthening. *Morimur, quod mortibus viuimus; morieris, non quia egro-*

tas

tas, ſed quia vitis.

But this all men are to know,
That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; Both impoſed on man for ſinne.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in Heauen, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certaine; *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Since life it ſelfe is no true liuing, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as euery day pants for breath, which Nature fannes vpon it for a while; And ſince death is no death, but a going vnto Heauen, and Heauens comming vnto vs, *abitus non obitus*; How can A man but thinke it a well ſpent life, alwaies to be meditating vpon Death?

But, ſaith *Zenephon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I

will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid supra summum.*

Life after Death.

BVt if a man dye, shall he liue againe? yes, saith Saint *Paul, We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh, and are burthened, because we would not be vnclothed, but clothed vpon, that mortality might bee swallowed vp of life.*

Phœnix sponte crematur,
Vt redeat, proprioque solet pubescere letho.
Sic tu corpus coactum,
Discere, mutata melior procede figura.

The brighteſt dayes dye into darke

dark nights, but riſe againe a mornings: Though the body ſleepe a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe againe after thy likeneſſe. The ſoule which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall, as S. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come againe, and bee receiued for euer. That body which *was ſowen a naturall body, ſhall riſe a Spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in ioy. Who ſo goe foorth weeping, carrying precious ſeede, ſhall returne with ioy, and bring their ſheaues with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt: Seeke God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulueries*, this clod of earth muſt lie awhile in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter, all glorious within.* For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart, what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified! ſurely though it be not deified yet ſhall it be purified, perfected, & immortalized;

Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such Glory haue all his Saints.

If then the change bee ſuch, who would not bee willing, yea glad to dye ?

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quam viuere ; Quos autem felicitas grauat, exclamant illi, Mihi viuere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to be content to dye, and willing to liue: But to bee willing to dye, and content to liue, is the minde of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus :
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.

Death deſirable for three reſpects.

WHen the Senatour *Cato* was asked a queſtion cõcerning Death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, vt repueraſcam, valde*

de recuſem : nec tum me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.

Could we as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Iudgement, wee might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of aduantage.) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to bee rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in vs.

It is the ſaying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be ſought in the error of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus.

1. As firſt, that ſo wee may betimes leaue off to ſinne: Since ſinne liues in vs, and leaues vs not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquãte morte, multo es diminior: If the ſoules vnder the Altar cry, Vſque quo, domine?*

mine ? If they ſolicite for the day of Iudgement, why not I for my day of Death, ſince Deaths Day is but the Eue of Gods Day ?

2. Secondly, the ſoule that ſoone departs, *facilius ad ſuperos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderiſque traxit.* And what's the diſtance t'wixt life and death ? So little, as with the Ancients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clauſus; non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putauerunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi.* Man is onely a winke of life, his life and death ioyned as neere as ioy and griefe; where teares (the limbeck of the Heart) expreſſe both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo wee might the ſooner come to liue indeede, be in *Patria*, where now wee are but in *via*. Preſent life is not *vita, ſed via ad vitam.* For which cauſe, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam, futuri deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio.*

Yet

Yet it is a wonder to see, how wee loue the present, and lesse esteeme the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus prater nunc*; let that bee true in time, yet it holds not in Diuinity; For man must chiefely minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit:* They are onely creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod vltra mundū. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hic expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not setled in the point of immortality of the Soule: for in euery supernaturall man there is imprinted an vndeterminable desire of more then present life can yeeld. Therefore we doe not determine our contentment in things

things preſent, but expect future things, more and greater then here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata,

The Soules excellency.

BVt what is this Soule that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſſe and immateriall, yet it would make aman heauenly proud to contemplate of how diuine a nature, quality and eſſence it is! *Deificatur Anima,* If ſhee be conſidered in her eſſentiality: *Secundum formam eſt Deus, ſecundam materiam eſt Anima,* ſaith Saint *Bernard.* Her amatiue vertues vnite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſe, Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata deſtruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima Deo amorosè adhærendo?*

Shee partakes of the good which

which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoule;

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram.

The body, though it haue the honor to be companion with the ſoule, yet it is but her drudge. Heathens could ſay, The ſoule was *diuinæ particula auræ.* Some will haue it, *a ſpirit mixt of Fire and Aire*; Others, *a ſelfe-moning number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* Neuer any could giue it ſuch a definition, that either an other, or himſelfe could conceiue it. And no wonder, for it ſelfe cannot conceiue the owne ſelfe-excellency, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelfe was. It was the life of breath that gaue it the breath of life: Therefore admiration, rather then ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret. *Tully* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam*

quam perſuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, viuere; cum exîſſent ex iis, emori. Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam naturam, ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita.* And yet this ſpirituall eſſence of the ſoule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me euer worſhip the great God of this little god, my ſoule, *Et ne plus ultra.*

Onely this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath giuen a reaſonable ſoule, nor is there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is giuen him for the ſuſtentation of his ſoule. *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camæleontis, vt paſcatur vento*, it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the fauours of the world. She is *ita generoſa*, as nothing but that *ſummum bonum* will ſatisfie her.

Hee that contemplates theſe things,

things, will beare himselfe too loftily, and thinke himselfe too good to looke so low as to these sublunary things.

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant.

How then can this beauty bee pleased to inhabite long *contubernio isto*?

Non sum vbi nunc sum, saith the Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is but sepulture: for although the carkase be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserues this fauour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the vrned bones doe meete with foule hands, for this also Nature hath prouided, *Vt diserte ait Maecenas, Nec tumulum quaero.*

Se-

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of euery good ſoule, *Adueniat Regnum tuum, Thy kingdome come*, O Lord; yet ſaith Saint *Auſtine, Hoc nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiuerſatur, timet, plorat?*

Mans croſſe Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerue how contrarily we carry our ſelues; The laborer fró his work haſtens to his bed, The Marriner rowes hard to gaine the Port, The Traueller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet wee, when death comes to put vs into our Port, ſhun it as a Rocke, wee feare what wee ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould feare. *O fortunatiorem Marcellum eo tem-*

tempore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approbauit, quàm quo Populo Romano Conſulatum:

Mans better choiſe.

HEare O Chriſtian what the *Pagan* ſaith,

Quid ni non timeat qui mori ſperat?

It is harder to make a true Philoſopher patient of life, then of death.

Hic ſpe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

Therefore ſaid Saint *Paul, I am in a ſtraight betwixt two, whether to liue in the fleſh were profitable for me, and which to chuſe, I wot not.* Yet at laſt reſolued, *Liue or die, Chriſt* was to him *aduantage*: Therefore *to be looſed and to be with Chriſt*, was beſt of all.

Till

Till then, God grant,
That I may haue *vitam in patientia, mortem verò in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with ioy; Life not deare, nor Death grieuous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wisemen, great men, and vaine men, had death in such estimation, and so vnderualued life, as they fondly said, Had man beene worthy to know what life was, before hee receiued it, he would haue beene lothe to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur scientibus.* Life would haue kept vs in slauery, but that death freed vs. The Heathen gods held death to be mans *summum bonum.* Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which

was

was beſt for man; The Oracle bad him goe home, and within three dayes hee ſhould haue it, within which time he dyed. They counted death but the retraite of life, *Optimum naturæ inuentum*: For by it euery man might make himſelfe happy, no man be longer miſerable then he will, *Placetné vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reuerti vnde veniſti.* They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, A wiſe man liues but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould deſire it more then now we feare it; *Photion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refuſed to doe his office, vnleſſe hee had twelue *Drachmas* paid him in hand: *Photion ne mora fieret morti*, borrowed it of a friend and gaue it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit,

ne

ne mori gratis licet. Magistra rerum Ratio taught them, that common safety lay in death, *Et innitum qui seruat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was subiect to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish these desperate conceits, *nil referre, faciatne finem an recipiat*; Thinking it brauery to vse mischiefe for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud est quam velle*, in which respect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet.* If any any man did complaine, this was their wish; *Mors vtinam pauidos vita subducere nollet, Sed virtus hanc sola daret.* In scorne some said, *Ego ne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum possim medio exire tormento & aduersa discutere?* But their braueſt conceit was worse, that it was *genus mortis generosum*, for a man to be author of his owne death. If it be permitted to desire death,

death why is it ill to giue it to themselues. *Sed furor est, ne moriare, mori.*

To maintaine by reason, as well as courage, this was their assertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way, *viuere noluit, qui mori non vult*: He is sorry that he was a man, that is not glad to die. It is ineuitable, therefore we must be resolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest.* Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wise men wish it. Nay, some so prided themselues in this way, that for care, feare, or griefe, they would not dye. *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*: nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci est. Sed si ceperat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa occurrebant, molesta, tranquillitatem turbantia*; Then it was fortitude to dispatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not;

Scalpello

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat, said *Seneca* when he bled to death.

Cato will die, because the Common-wealth declined: *Nerua*, because the lawes were not kept: *Siluianus*, because he would not liue at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia* to couer a dishonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *these Diſmisers of the world*, saith Saint *Paul*? Others thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Iustice tooke it: For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas ſuas*; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res eſt mori ſua morte.

Life was giuen to manage to the vtmost.

Euery one is heere set Centinell,

nell, and not to leaue the place till his Captaine call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly preuent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, hee feared his pardon more then the paine he threatned; nor yet that the cause of death be iust; but it must be also necessary, vnsought, ineuitable.

But let goe this discourse, my Contemplation lies another way.

Onely this let me say, Diuines need not be ashamed to weare the Iewels & the Eare-rings of Egyptians: they lay in many things so full of luster, and so excellent.

Many

Man in this world liues by appointment, and God for his owne purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to die. *Assiduè variatur Homo per aduersa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to die, is labour in vaine. To liue without feare of death, is to die liuing: *Secura vita est mare mortuum.*

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectat.* But hee neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heauen.

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere peius:* But to make death easie, looke through death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as of the glory that followes it: at the worst, *Mors non aufert vitam, sed in melius transfert.*

fert; life giues way to death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharpe for the time, *Puer es ſi mauis mauere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Phyſitian helpes vs not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. *Iob* ſaith of *Death, from ſixe troubles it deliuereth, & in ſeptima*, that is at point of death *non tanget te malum*. Fit your ſelfe for it, and you will neuer feare it; doe by it as you doe in other things; when you would goe to ſleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleepe, before you goe to ſleepe: ſo addreſſe your ſelfe to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit ſamnus dilectis initium refrigerij.
Scala Montis, Ianua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your ſelfe acquainted with death; that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non vt hoſtis, ſed vt hoſpes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a ſtranger, but as a gueſt that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more bleſſed then your birth.

Thus did *Solomon* vpon his Throne, extoll his Coffin aboue his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to ſee great men in theſe dayes build houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould alwayes liue, and yet ſo liue, as if they had not mortall ſoules? *Patres veteres habitabant in cauernis; Cain vero edificauit ciuitatem in terra, ſed perdidit Cœlum.*

It is good counſell; *effice mortem tibi familiarem, vt poſſis cùm ſors tulerit, illi letus & alacriter obuiam exire.* Though death be terrible, yet innocency is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liuer; So it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior & cordatior:*

yet

Yet doe not as the Duelists and Gallants of the time doe, goe into the field to seeke death, and finde Honour: Swift *Asahel*, had hee gone but slowly, might haue ouertaken death, but he runs to fetch it: So doe Combatants in these dayes, *Vbi infelix victoria cum victor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris pro homicidio, aut viuis homicida*: Nor doe not as the Wits of the time doe, put a scorne vpon death, and to beaccounted good company, dare abuse God, despite death, and talke prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowship, must reprooue them: but in this case, saith Saint *Augustine*, It is a fault not to find fault, *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducit in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A man may be mannerly in the forme, but round in the matter; For a friend cannot make a more improuement of his friendship, then by a round reproofe of his friend vp-

on such an occasion.

One saith well, Sinne doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not saith another, whether the maintenance of the least euill, be not worse then the commission of the greatest, for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacy. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soeuer are euer hateful to a good eare, wherefore play not the wanton with heauen, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such are poysons to godlinesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

Seneca obseruing that ill men in their conuersation, and good men in their prayers made ouer bold with God, gaue this counsell, so deale with men as if God saw thee, so speake to God, as if men heard thee: But say the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus ne contristetur amicus.* Let vs enioy our selues, to what else serues the fulnesse of our fortunes?

tunes? but he counsels better that saith, *Temperanda est felicitas mundi meditatione mortis, vt vinum aqua dilutum*, such an allay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Ioseph* built his sepulchre in his garden, and some *Philosophers* had their graues alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes thinke of death: For in life they found comforts to be rare, crosses frequent, pleasures momentany, paines permanent.

In this world wee are all *Benonies*, the sonnes of sorrow; the way to heauen, is by weeping crosse,

Ne motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulueris exigui iactu compressa quiescunt.

It is obserued that most of other creatures liue long, but dying perish all to nothing: Man that is short liued, yet he dying, liues eternally:

nally: Thinke but of this, and you will thinke as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better then hell, were it not for the hope of heauen.

Surely Christ would not haue dyed, but that we may dye in safety; hee by death in death, deliuered vs from death.

And did Christ die for me, that I might liue with him? I will not therefore desire to liue long from him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little loue to God, to be loath to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they loue. Our brother *Ioseph* liueth, therefore though with *Iacob* I cannot say, I will goe see him before I die; Yet Lord let me dye, that I may see him whom my soule loueth: liuing I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not;

For

For since *Adams* fall none passes vnto Paradise, but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of Egypt, but through the Red sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift riuer Iordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For euen that good Saint *Austin* was once of the mind, that he would not leaue present pleasures for future hopes; But afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudeat viuere in delitijs, cùm Christus vixit in periculis.* Prosperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerefull dying, but this petulant world must be left: Conscience of sin must not be exchanged for the sense of pleasure. The Holy man exclaimes, *O quàm multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt.* Euery sense about vs, vpon the least temptation, is a traitor to the soule. The body it

ſelfe, if you ſet too high a price vpon it, will make a cheape ſoule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria.* A ſpruce Roman, riding on a leane lade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; he anſwered, *Ego curo me ipſum, Statius vero equum*; I looke to my ſelfe, but my man to my horſe. So vaine men looke to their bodies, looke who liſt to his ſoule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abuſio eſt*, ſaith *Stella*.

Alſo high fortunes leade men to ſtrange faſhions; but if wee would be of the Court of heauen, wee muſt faſhion our ſelues as the Countrey-man doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoone ſhakes off his clowniſh trickes, and gets a ciuill behauiour: *Mundum cum ſuis friuolis*, a good man muſt contemne.

If you would liue well, liue in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you liue, for the very place of pleaſure is dange-

rous;

rous; In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe, he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet vpon in Paradiſe, *Iob* on the dunghill; yet *Iob* was *fortior in ſtercore, quàm Adam in Paradiſo*; Wee are no *Dauids* now adayes, therefore let vs not be too venturous: *Dauid* when he had ſeene the magnificency and ſtate of court, yet thought neuer the worſe of his retyred life, but loued his hooke the better; And when afterwards he came from keeping Sheepe to bee a ſheepherd of men, hee changed his State without change of his diſpoſition; But this is not our condition now adayes. Iudge not of things by the face of things; for life and death haue deceiueable vizards; vnder the faire face of life lurkes greefe, vnder the foule feature of Death (which is but fancy) lyes felicity; Take off the maske and you will change your minde, loath that you loued, and

loue that you loathed:

Vita habitu casta cùm non sit casta, videtur:
Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

The kindes of Death.

THe kindes of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other Spirituall:

Bodily life is the coniunction of body and soule, bodily death is the separation of body & Soule, And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The first in this life when Christ liues in him; The second, when his body returnes to earth, and his Soule to God that gaue it. The third at the end of the world when body and Soule reunited shall enioy heauen:

So likewise a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in sinne while hee liues, Dead in Soule

Soule when he dyes; Dead in body and Soule, when both shall be adiudged and condemned.

Malis fit mors sine morte,

Finis sine fine,

Defectus sine defectu.

Quiâ mors venit, finis semper incipit & deficere defectus nescit.

Freedome by Death.

THe freedomes wee haue by Death are many.

1 First from all worldly Iniuries. Here good men doe but liue and suffer: *Bene agere, & male pati*, thats their portion; Sufferings are greater trials then actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I haue beene afflicted, saith Dauid.

Non sentire mala, non esset hominis; non ferre, non esset viri.

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a priuatiue good putting a period to all ill; Man in misery saith *Iob, longes for Death, and digs for it, more then treasure*; *Mors finis est, non pœna*: nay saith one, *Nec finis nec pœna; bonis lex est, non pœna perire.*

It ends sins, not life, it reformes, but doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura virtutum Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and wee dye by corruption of humours, whether they bee of body or manners, whoso thinkes to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister then Death, *Delinimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ sua ponit.*

4 Fourthly, it frees vs from all bodily labours: Man is the subiect of

of the earth by labour, of heauen by ſuffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that die in the Lord, they reſt from their labours. Adeo iunat occupatum mori*: Heere I haue labour without reſt: There I ſhall haue reſt without labour.

5 Fifthly, it eaſes vs of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries eſt animæ*, Refection to the Soule; Were wee but in a throng, wee would thinke that man at eaſe who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when hee had beene toſſed but a yeere vpon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man after many wearieſome yeres toſſed vp and downe the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of Mount *Ararat* a reſting place for his tyred Soule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors ærumnarum requies.

The

The long ſicke man wrote vpon his graue ſtone, *Hic ero ſanus.*

6 Laſtly, Death doth vs not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing vs from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in delitijs, Pietas in negotijs, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in ſæculo.*

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; For God loues to ſee his creatures happy, but commonly the pleaſures of the body are the poyſons of the Soule: a man ſmothered in Roſes meetes with Death; though in ſweeteneſſe; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat fælicitas*: In vaine mirth there is no true ioy, nor yet gladneſſe in laughter: *Nam res eſt ſeuera verum Gaudium*: The onely obiect of true Ioy is God.

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall finde your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt paynes.

Miſer

Miſer homo, cuius gaudium crimen habet.

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, the naturall power in the Soule, and that will ſtirre you vp to a cheerefulneſſe in goodneſſe: *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & paſcuis delitiarum: Moſes eum inuenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ.*

A man whoſe Soule is conuerſant with *God*, ſhall finde more pleaſure in the deſart and in death, then in the Palace of a Prince.

Soueraignty reaches not to the affaires of nature; Euen Princes muſt dye; *I haue ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall die like men.*

The

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we haue but in part; *viuere velint homines vt perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt.* Here we haue but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we ſhall haue *pretium*; *Sedete à dexteris*, will bee our welcome.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in parte, but then I ſhal know as I am knowne: There ſhalbe new Heauens, new Earth; The world ſhall bee made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim melioration em, non interitum*: The Heauens you behold ſhall be ſuperinueſted with new indowments, made euerlaſting habitations for the Saints departed; *Erimus participes, non tantùm ſpectatores gloriæ*, Enioy with theſe eyes *viſionem illam beatificam*, Ioy vnſpeakeable,

ſpeakeable, and this ioy ſaith Saint *Iohn*, *No man ſhall take from you.*

Thirdly, inſeparable fellowſhip with Chriſt: *They follow the Lambe whither ſoeuer hee goeth.* There we ſhalbe married to him, here we be but contracted; *Deſponſabo te mihi*, ſaith the *Prophet.* Thoſe fauors and loue tokens I haue here receiued, doe but inflame, not ſatisfie; And theſe I am willing to part with, leaſt they ſhould make me lothe to depart to him that gaue me them.

Meretricius eſt amor, plùs annulum quàm ſponſum amare.

Laſtly, it brings mee where I would be: Into my own *Countrey*, into *Paradiſe*, where I ſhall meete, not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones* & *Sceuola's*, But *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Iacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends;

friends; My wife children and kinsefolkes that are gone before mee, and doe attend mee, looking and longing for my arriuing there.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brookes; so pantes my Soule for thee, O God: I had rather bee a doore keeper in thy house, then dwell* here, though in chambers of pleasure.

Touching

Touching the second generall Diuiſion.

II.

The Feares or loyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

Timor eſt dolor, *The king of feares* is Death; For nothing is abſolutely fearefull, but what tends to Death. *The liuing dogge*, ſaith *Solomon*, *is better then the dead lyon.* The baſeſt life excells the beſt bare being. Naturally men feare Death, becauſe it ends being, which nature would preſerue. *Omnis dolor ſurgit ab amore*: *Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted becauſe they were not.*

Very

Very not being is sufficiently abhorred by nature.

Christians were wont to bee of that courage that they feared nothing but sinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negauit Christum.* But why should a man feare Death that doth but restore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui deũ non timet; sed si sperare desiderat, desine timere.* Yet iust feare breeds but care, and feare mixt with faith solicites vnto goodnesse: but distrustfull feare, as ouer confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant; These men are desperate: Feare vice specially in Age; least the neerer you come to death, the farther you goe from life. The *Conuert* said well, *Perissem nisi perijssem.*

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearefull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quam ipsa mors.* Grones, Convultions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible;

ble; Because God loues at first to make way for himselfe by terrour, but at last conueyes himselfe to vs in sweetnesse.

That *Philosopher* is not to bee followed; who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearefully: nor yet is that Emperour to bee praised who to little esteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse then the paines of Death: *Timor mortis, ipsa morte peior*; Because feare of Death kills vs often, where death itselfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Iob*, the *Wombe will forget thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable or foolish then alwayes to feare.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitternes, men would run to it with desire and indiscretion.

Ergo

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes æque obiurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; becauſe feares betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both: But he is more ſorrowfull then is neceſſary, that is ſorrowfull before there be neceſſity. Nor will I euer thinke my ſoule in good caſe, ſo long as I feare to thinke of dying.

Feares multiply euils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh, *vt mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quàm ſemper impendeat*, becauſe nothing is ſo painefull as to dwell long vnder the expectation of ſome great euill. Of themſelues, paines of Death are only throwes of trauaile that bring foorth ioyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſoluitur anima, reſoluitur corpus; gaudet quòd abſoluitur, quòd reſoluitur non ſentit.

The

The Heathen man could say, *Non nego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare iuuenes non timent fieri senes?* But it is the nature of feare; to make dangers greater, helpes lesse then they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and onely sonne was dead: *Scio*, said hee, *me genuisse mortalem.* The sonnes condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle remouall of griefes, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either liue at ease, or yet contentedly, that liues continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Neuer feare what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you haue not deserued it while you liued.

In learning to liue, study how to dye. Wee take great care to be-

stow

ſtow our time well while we liue; but hee leeſes all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Neſcire mori miſerrimum.

Socrates *de morte diſputabat vſque ad ipſam.* When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelues to ſleepe: when they awaked, and found themſelues vpon the ſtroke of execution, all they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio.* Tyrants haue beene told to their faces, That their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

Viuere non poteſt, qui mori non audet.

There is no man ſo valiant as the beleeuer.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to nature) is a weakneſs; yet feares be not alwaies ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant nature will reluct

to

to keepe ſtill her being, vnto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had beene, not to haue been, *Non naſci optimum*; His next beſt were, to liue long: It was ill with him that hee was borne, worſe that he muſt dye. Therefore not being ſure of a better life, hee would faine make much of this. Hee is conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life will bring him to a liuing death; yet thinkes, *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*, and ſo flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum*; *nolit viuere, & neſcit mori.* A good man is otherwiſe minded, hee counts his end the beſt of his beeing, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid huius viuere eſt*, but *dijs mori?* His word is, *Cùm expiro, ſpero*; my body onely liued *ſpirando*, my ſoule liues *ſperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faintes not, *Patien-*

ter viuit, delectabiliter moritur. To this man, *mori quamprimùm* is his rather, therefore hee saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me? waite on God.*

The difference of soules as well in dying as liuing.

SOule and Soule are differenced in dying, as well as in beeing. The Atheist dares not dye for feare of *non esse*, The ill liuer dares not dye for feare of *malè esse*; The doubtfull conscience dares not dye *nesciendo*, whether he shall be, not be, or be damned; Onely the good man dares and desires to dye. Hee is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I feare, when I know in whom I beleeue*, said the holy Martyr? *I am thy saluation*, saith that Sauiour of man.

Could Death end misery, the greatest

greatest happinesse a wicked man would wish, were the Act of Death: But his conscience will not let him lye; he knowes the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse, yea such as Death it selfe cannot terminate; for that would bee happinesse enough, had he hope there would be an end at the last.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the tree falleth, so it lyeth*; As death leaues him, so iudgement shall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he haue seene it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither ease nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore;

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*,

nor yeere of Iubile in this place.

Could wee therefore forethinke what bitter paines our ſweet ſinnes will coſt, wee would be prouident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men giue away their Soules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for loue, ſhall tremble for feare, and find, though too late, how much preuention is better then confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of Conſcience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, All yee that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus!*

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other mens harmes: for though wee loue our ſelues better then others, yet wee ſee others better then our ſelues. Reaſon therefore biddes vs, if wee would ſee our owne caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo preuent that which hee feeles.

Seldome doth hee dye well, that liues ill; therefore in the course of your life practise wel doing, and at parting you shall haue the comfort of well dying.

Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ separatio? Wee see old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales sunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipso utero sta iucundissimè vixerint.* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him, that drew the Plough with him, *qualem mugitum* shall wee giue, when soule and body part? *Siccinè separas, amara Mors? Siccine separas?*

When I goe in *fundum* there shall I see *nostrum nihil*, saith the booke of Kings, The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loath. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.*

Faith will assure, God is thy father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leaue her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side preuaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay & enioy the delights of Moab yet a while longer; but resolue thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou shalt find a *Boaz*.

In ista hora, euery man will make *Balaams* suite, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to be happy.) *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic viuendo vt possit esse.* But such wishes will not serue, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heauen is full of good workes, Hell full of good wishes. Hee must *piè viuere*, that will *securè mori*. We all desire to shut vp our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum meum.* But it is

is not the laſt words a man vtters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou haſt intertained Gods Spirit: for as we vſed his in this life, ſo he will vſe ours after Death. *Qualem quiſq; ſe fecerit in hac vitâ, talem ſe inueniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man giue to ſecure his Soule. *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man! neuer was any ſo rich as could pay the ranſome of his owne Soule, a diſpleaſed mercy askes greater ſatisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyeſt thou goeſt to giue account of thy Stewardſhip, that is, *Temporis amiſſi, Mali cõmiſſi, Boni omiſſi:* and thy Soule already knowes in *conſcientiâ tuâ*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo.* For thy conſcience is a Iuſtice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leaue be-

hinde thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, & what thou ſhalt looke for: *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Iudiciũ.* In that day ſhall come into mens mindes (*vi diuina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good, or euill workes.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needes no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwaies iuſt, and will neuer chide thee wrongfully; It alwaies takes part with God againſt a mans ſelfe; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulſe of the Soule: Therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or Soule, feele how this beates, that will tell you: yet take heede you

make

make not an idole of your conſcience. The booke of Wiſedome ſaith, That *wickednesse being preſſed with conſcience, forecaſteth grieuous things.*

Nemo ſeuerioremſeipſo habet iudicem: Therefore *non timere iudicium*, is a deſperate thing; yet wee pray daily, *Domine, adueniat Regnum tuum.*

It ſhewes a Chriſtian courage, *Regnum Dei poſtulare*: But a man had need of a good cauſe, that wiſhes the comming of his Iudge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the beſt men that euer liued or died: That of *Dauid*, *Ezekias*, and of Chriſt himſelfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Sauiour Chriſt, not many houres before he ſuffered, ſaid *Anima mea turbata eſt, & quid dicam?* and at the very point of death, ſaid, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup paſſe from me.* When *Dauid* ſaid, *ſaue Lord for thy mercies ſake; for in death there is*

no remembrance of thee. And Ezechias wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye. Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse*, was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I doe?* We were all to seeke, but that Christ bids vs, *Be of good cheere, for I haue ouercome death, Mors morte redempta est.* Now there is aduantage in death; that which was the wages of sinne, is made the reward of righteousnesse.

Now that death hath ouercome death, and that faith hath secured feare, *Nec me tædet viuere, nec timeo mori.* For what can hee feare in death, whose death is his hope. *Timor timore pellitur, vt clauus clauo trauditur. Right precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints.*

See then what makes men willing or loath to die.

Obsecrote, Lucille, said *Seneca*, *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?*

homo? It is the preſent condition of men that makes them willing or loath to die.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leaue the world, as others can forbeare the Court. And count him but vnwiſe, *Qui os ſuum aperit aeri, vt ſe ſatiaret vento.* Some ſay vnto themſelues, *Since the Fathers fell aſleepe, all things continue as they were:* Some pleaſant their liues, as if the world ſhould alwayes laugh vpon them. *Quamuis peior eſt mundus cùm blanditur, quàm cum indignatur.*

Some ſay, *Let vs eat and drinke, for to morrow we ſhall die, Et poſt mortem nulla voluptas.* Theſe would doe any thing rather then die. Others thinking to pleaſe God by making themſelues miſerable, liue as if they came into the world but to act a ſad mans part and die.

De tanta lætitia, quanta triſtitia!

Theſe wiſh a change, hoping it

will be a benefit, All weake minds ſeek eaſe in change. Therfore well ſaid the ſonne of *Syrach*, *O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whoſe ſtrength faileth. That is now in his laſt Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that deſpaireth and hath loſt patience.* Contrariwiſe, *O death how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at reſt in his poſſeſſions, vnto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that proſpereth in all things. (Sed, O ſeculum nequam, quòd ſolos tuos ſic ſoles beare amicos, vt Dei facias inimicos.)*

Certainly to this man that thus liues at eaſe in delicacy with affluence of all things, (for to vſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a ſad and bitter meditation to thinke that death muſt take him from all theſe ioyes, wherein his heart tooke pleaſure, though indeed pleaſures are but paines in their loſſe.

Thus as men differ in their condition;

condition; so doe they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus.

Euery poore contentment glues vs to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vaine hopes, idle pleasures, false honours, vnsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men couet, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; But that will not bee; *Nam Deus non amat cor diuisum.* A man cannot looke vp to heauen with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other.

If thy heart be set on heauen, thy soule will haue no pleasure in these low things, looke vpward. *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumq; tueri.* The minde contemplating heauen, walkes beyond eye-sight, and at so farre a distance discernes God, as if he were at hand. To conuerse with God is true solace. *Moses* was with God in the moun-

mountaine, and came downe gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter*, when hee was taken vp to the mount, cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula*: Who euer they be that dwell in Contemplation of heauenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *Dauid*, I haue had more ioy of heart, then they whoſe wine and oyle increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum* God loues. It is noted in nature, that the fearefulleſt creatures haue the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God inlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi aterni ſalutis erit.* Nor yet the face of death, for it will looke vpon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.* Heere is the difference, the good mans hope

hope is euen in death; The world-louer ends his hope and happineſſe, when he dyes: As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* Whereas the other ſaith, as *Dauid* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, Let come and welcome, for *he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing vnto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely vpon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viueret, ſed quemadmodum viuendum eſſet.* For a weake mans rules may be better then the beſt mans actions. But howeuer the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conuey ouer a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitter-

bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe. The thought of death (though it bee but a gathering to our fathers) would be an vnpleaſing ſtudy.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off ioyes the better, therefore now to ſee the ioyes that death brings.

The ioyes brought by death.

PEr *anguſta peruenitur ad anguſta.* It was *Sampſons* Riddle, *out of the bitter came ſweet.* The good mans quality is to looke through death at glory. When we thinke vpon the ſeparation of body and ſoule, then it is a ſweet Contemplation to conſider the coniunction of our bodies and ſoules with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the ſpirit in this life, ſhall neuer afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beaſts,

beasts, or birds deuour and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby seuered from Christ.

Non curo, saith *Ignatius*, *si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Christo.*

And yet the body thus consumed, liues not in the graue, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receiues life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seate.

The dead tree, saith *Iob*, *by the sent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is hee?* Surely not lost, but layed a while at rest.

But when the great Assises, that generall *venite* comes. Then looke what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The body and Soule of Christ were seuered as farre as heauen and the graue were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-

Godhead: So likewiſe our bodies and ſoules, though rent and pulled in ſunder millions of miles diſtant; yet neither of them are ſeuered or diſioyned from Chriſt our head.

Qui prædixit, Renixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wiſedome cannot comprehend this: Weake faith lookes for meanes, and is put to ſhifts, when ſhe ſees them faile, and yet reaſon miniſters helpe to faith. *Nam fides non tollit, ſed potius extollit rationem.* Reaſon would, but cannot reach ſo high. But omnipotency, which workes by improbabilities, tells vs, there is no ſtrong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper obiects of faith; *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philoſophers ſay, that credulity vpon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing vnto reaſon, ſo is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleeue nothing

nothing for which they ſaw not reaſon, was counted wiſedome.

In Nature we ſee that in Winter ſeaſon, trees which ſeeme as dead, reuiue againe in the Spring: becauſe the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are ioyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter, and by meanes of coniunction it conueyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Euen ſo mens bodies haue their Winter, when they are turned into duſt. *Homo arbor inuerſa, cuius radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lies hid in Chriſt with God; Yet in the day of Reſurrection, by reaſon of this Myſticall Coniunction, diuine and quickening vertue ſhall ſtreame from Chriſt to his Elect, and cauſe them to Reſurge from graue to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members; where he is, there they ſhall be alſo.

It is noted how in that tranſfiguration, the body of *Moſes* which

which was hidin the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laied vp to be raised to glory, as it was laid down in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall haue a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the spirit say to *Ezekiel*, Propheſie vpon these bones, and say, *O ye dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes vpon you, and will bring vp flesh, and you shall liue. Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust*, saith *Esay*, For thy dew is as the dew of herbes: and the earth shall cast out her dead. Our bodies, you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making.

Therefore Saint *Bernard* vpon the losse of his friend, expostulates thus with death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & maiestate carnem illam quarere,*

quærere, & illud corpus cadauerosum configurare corpori claritatis ſuæ.

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, reſolued and crumbled to nothing, elſe how would ſome mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death.

Sleepe ſaith now vnto her Siſter Death, *Awake thou that ſleepeſt, for now is your ſaluation neerer, then when you beleeued.*

Why then ſhould a man immoderately ſorrow, ſince ſorrow is good for nothing but for ſinne; or grieue for the death of a friend; ſince, as *Seneca* ſaith, It is but enuie, not ſorrow? Now that the child is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt or weepe, ſaid *Dauid*. Griefe preceding euill, if it be vſed for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an euill paſt remedy, cannot bee too little. The areſt of death ſhal not alwaies keep him that lies downe in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auſtine*.

ſtine, ſhall be raiſed, *Tantò facilitate quantâ felicitate*, with as much eaſe as happineſſe: *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*; it doth not diſanull, but diſcontinue life. And by our riſing we are remitted to our better right: A life which neuer dies, A morning that hath no Eue nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death ſay of life, as *Iohn Baptiſt* ſaid of Chriſt, *Hee that commeth after me, is before me.*

O ſweet word! Life, the beſt Monoſyllable in the world, Gods owne attribute: *Deus vivit*, And *my ſoule* (ſaith *Iob*) *ſhall liue, for my Redeemer liueth.*

And is this life but the child of death? then bleſſed alſo be the word *death*, the mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but ſweet, more pleaſant, though ſwifter in thy gate then the Roe or Hinde. The Stoike could ſay, *Mors eſt quæ efficit, ut naſci non ſit*

(ſup-

ſupplicium. But what ſaith Saint Iohn? I heard a voyce from heauen, ſaying, Write: Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, they dye no more, death hath no more power ouer them. All teares are wiped from their eyes. Petronella the daughter of Saint Peter, febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi ſicut alijs ſuccurreret, hoc illi præſtare reſpondit, It was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely ſee, how death, which ſeemes to diſpoſſeſſe vs of all, puts vs in poſſeſſion of more then that all:

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, ſedes vbi fata quietas Oſtendunt.

It is but being which wee haue by birth. A better being is by death: *Eſſe naturæ eſt, benè eſſe gratiæ, optimum eſſe gloriæ.* Mans happy

happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happy while he liues: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation vnto sorrowes. No man can speake him happy, that hath a day to liue. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat.* There is diuine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring foorth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better then man.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite,* Yet it was happinesse to me, that God wrapt me vp in his Couenant, reserued mee for a time of truth, deriued me of religious Parents, and made me a subiect to vertuous and gratious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit.* For crying

was

was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta.*

Heere I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without handes, euerlasting in the Heauens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitq; illum cœtus sacer*; Where for Loue, I shall be a Son; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Heere I haue conuersed, and had commerce with men, there I shall haue communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enioy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O Happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death reuiues, dissolution vnites, sinne glorifies.

Old Father *Iacob*, when he was told of his sonne *Iosephs* power in Egypt, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to

come, is better then all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Iosephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries vnbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, then to walke in desires: for indeede the best things that are, pleasure vs not in their being, but in our enioying them.

The ioy of Soule and Body at their meeting.

WHat then shall be the ioy, when soule and body separate for a season, (Although in the interim the Soule doth not wander and obambulate,) shall meete againe in ioy, and mutually enioy one the other?

The

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Ioſeph*, when mutuall loſſe and ſeparation for a while did more endeere each to other.

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this aduantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the returne, then was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Iacob* glad to leaue his countrey, and the land of promiſe, to ſee his younger ſonne *Ioſeph*, though in Egypt? What then ſhall bee the Soules ioy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange land, and goe to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heauen? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolui* was Saint *Pauls* wiſh. For this tedious mortality, pleaſant it how man can, will grow intollerable, if Death doe not disburthen it. Long liuing ſo lodes vs with ſinne, as ſinne it ſelfe tyres at laſt him that loued it beſt.

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with vs as long as life affoords it houſ-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſinne will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of ſinne, are caſt out both together.

Sith then the life I now leade is beſet with Death, tendes to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer miſtake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, but will hold with Saint Auguſtine:

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt.

Death

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Thinke the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth: and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceite of thoſe Philoſophers was diuine, who held, that although the Soule of man was then infuſed when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which deliuers that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy reſt, O my Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwiſe ioy in my Birth, then did the Prophet *Ieremiah*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare mee, bee bleſſed.*

Quis pauet? Quis flet? Quis eget?

Quis errat? Solus (Heu sortes) Homo.

Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

But to assure there are ioyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well dying men?

Reioyce, and lift vp your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a Spirituall body, not in Substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.

Vnto you that feare God, saith the prophet *Malachie*, *The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with healing in his winges.*

The

The third generall diuision.

III.

When Death is to be prepared for: and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Dens Philosophiæ*, saith, There is *nulla salutaris Philosophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*. And *sine istâ meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo potest*. Dreadfull Death laughes at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, saith *Scipio*, the most honourable Philosophy, to study a mans mortality:

lity: *Mortis meditatio eſt vita ſapientiæ*: Politikes ſay, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt viuere.* But ſaith, *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis, Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt mori.* The Diuine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito, & viues in infinitum.*

Fooles would faine do at laſt, that which wiſe men doe at firſt: Prepare for their end. Careleſſe men thinke the Signiory of time is at their command, to doe what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeede youth and age are meaſured by gouernement, not by time: but we muſt conſider, wee haue little power ouer the preſent, leſſe ouer the future. *Dauids* example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I haue to liue. All the dayes of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Iob, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Time it ſelfe, which couers all thats paſt, and diſcouers all that is

to

to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is paſt, The Law which ſucceeded is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpells time, after which there ſhalbe no more changes.

Change, (the great Maſter of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a ſeruant equall to all, holdes pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſſe as in buſineſſe:

So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is imploied in timely preparation, it layes vp time as treaſure for a future time: and thus is rather a husbanding, then conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He liues in ſafety, that watches his time. But in reckoning of time moſt men miſcaſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt, and that laſt, which is firſt: beginning the account from the day of birth:

whereas our deaths day, is our first day: for the last of life, is the first day to life, wee then ceasing to die, when we leaue to liue.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita diuiditur: Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est: Ex his, quod agimus breue est; Quod acturi sumus, dubium; Quod egimus, certum.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine.

The Sceptickes put a *fortasse* vpon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to bee named, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speake of Death: *Hic solùm fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdome of Heauen, It comes not by obseruation. Hee liues not, that knowes where, when, or how hee shall dye. Yet none liues, but knowes hee must dye.

Mors

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibusdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore said one, *Dementiæ est,* it is more then folly not to be prepared for Death. *Sed si mors veniens præmeditatur, tunc superatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit;* yet neuer man preserued himselfe from dying by forgetting Death. The very Heathens through Natures instinct, prouided themselues for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Rosas cape, Tangere nardos;

Ipse iubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

SOlomon saying, that *the day of death was better then the day of birth*, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well, whereunto two things were most requisite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death was moſt requiſite.

Nam facilè ſuſtinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Morall men, wiſe *Seneca* was wont to ſay, *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus.* Wee ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at laſt wee die indeede, and would not.

Preuious preparation becomes a wiſe man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes verſamur, quòd non putamus niſi ſenes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec ſenſu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius*

cilius obrepat, ſub ipſo vitæ nomine latet.

Procraſtination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Coruina*, that alwaies cryes, *Cras, cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, truſting vpon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus, Iam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam ſpes alit, & melius cras fore, ſemper ait*: but truſt not to that: *Ille ſapit, quiſquis, Poſthume, vixit heri.* Wee pray dayly, Lord giue vs this day our daily bread. *Dum dicitur, Hodiè*, we ſhould remember, Life is but a day *Dies, non ſeculum.* Wherefore ſaith *Solomon, Talke not of to morrow, neſcis enim quid ſuperuentura pariet dies.*

By deferring wee preſume vpon that we haue not, and neglect that we haue.

Quod in manu fortunæ poſitum eſt, diſponimus; quod in tua eſt, dimittis: which made the heathen Poet, *diuino furore inſtinctus*, vtter

hoc

hoc ſalutare carmen,

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus æui prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare nouiſſimum, & non peribis in æternum.*

In euils to be preuented, delay is a kinde of eaſe, not ſo in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the day *in die ſuo.* No man can promiſe himſelfe a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires vnum tua tempora mensem:

Rides, cùm non ſit forſitan vna dies.

Euery man hath his day. Ieruſalem, *hadde ſt thou knowne this but in this thy day*, Thou wouldeſt not, &c. *Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita*

eſt

eſt niſi vigilia, The eue of another day.

A man, ſaith *Luther*, liues forty yeeres before hee knowes himſelfe to bee a foole; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men die before they begin to liue.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt vnhappy, who after forty or fifty yeeres of dayes, in their miſ-ſpent time (for it was but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now ready to die, are euen then to learne how to die, when they are in the Act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblinio,
Inde velle vitam inchoare; quò pauci perduxerimus?

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweete ſpeech, and might well haue become an elder body, which a young innocent child of my owne vſed in extremity

extremity of ſickneſſe, Mother, what ſhall I doe? I ſhal die before I know what Death is. I beſeech you tell me what is Death, and how I ſhould die. *Certe multum intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſcit.* But there is *nil miſerius morienti, quàm neſcire mori*; nay, ſaith one, *Tollerabilius eſt non eſſe, quàm neſcire mori.*

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall, as neceſſary for a man to dye, it is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt doe of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, wiſedome counſels two things:

Firſt, to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time, ſeeke not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the euill dayes come not, nor the yeers approach wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I haue no pleaſure in*

yeers

you. Before the ſiluer cord be looſed, the golden Ewer broken. Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burthen. Before the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the grinders ceaſe, they waxe darke that looke out of the windowes, and the daughters of Muſicke be brought low.

Old *Barzillai* being in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of a kings houſe, though hee was kindly intreated by the King himſelfe.

Age or ſickeneſſe will make a man vnapt either to compoſe, or diſpoſe himſelfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataq; tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to liue; So in the Law, God required the firſt fruits, not the Lees for his portion.

Old age it ſelfe is a yong death. Thy beſt health affoords but time good enough for this buſineſſe. Therfore dedicate not al thy time to buſines, for that as wel as ſloath may

may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improoue moſt by laying vp.

Three ſignes of approaching Death.

DOe you deſire ſome ſignes of death, before you prepare your ſelfe for death? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntij, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas grauia, ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem.*

When *Ezechiah* had been ſicke vnto death, he wrote thus. *In the cutting off my dayes, I ſhall goe to the gates of the graue. I reckoned to the morning, I ſhall walke weakly all my yeares, in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule.*

Thus it fareth with euery man in age or ſickneſſe; when a man begins to be ſicke, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſitian is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his body.

The

The Lawyer is then conſulted with about thy worldly ſtate. The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health. Thy friends are then vnwelcome: Strangers trouble thee, Viſites offend thee: thy owne ſeruants cannot pleaſe thee: Other mens diſcourſes tire thee, to ſpeak thy ſelfe ſpends thee, and to be ſilent grieues thee, not to be told how thou doeſt, vexes thee: to be told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee: but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelfe in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably we poore men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made vnfit for any thing, when as God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to ſerue God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerued thy pleaſures with thy youth.

God

God for his ſeruice will haue the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Ioſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Euery man naturally, when hee comes neere the goale of death, euen for ſome intrinſecall cauſe, though vnknowne to himſelfe, is then weary of himſelfe, and entertaines life with a tedious diſlike. *Tunc iniucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, diſtaſting euery thing, neglecting the very thought of all humane affaires.

Nec iuueni luſus qui placuere iuuant.

In the ſtraits of death, then he prayes, God deliuer me, then hee thinkes, O how I am ſtraitned till it be accompliſhed, *Abyſſus abyſſum inuocat*, Sad words, breathing ſorrowes.

But this ſhould haue beene done, when ſtrength of vnderſtanding ſerued, *Nam ſerum eſt tunc*

tunc viuere incipere, cùm desinendum.

The little Bee, so soone as flowers spring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diuersity of the flowery fields, sucks the sweetest of them, fraights her thighes, makes a curious combe, and so betimes hoards vp Honey in Sommer against the Winter.

Mors hyems est; orate ne fiat fuga vestra hyeme. Why is the winter harder to the Grashopper then to the Ant? Prudencie in one, and imprudency in the other differs them.

Thinke not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this worke. *Manna* must be gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improues the dayes of his youth to the preuention of euill. It is said of Father *Iacob*, who

who was a great Trauellour, that before he died, *Pedes suos ad se colle-git: Sic & animi pedes.* Those cogitations and affections, *quibus viuens totum orbem peragrasti:* Gather them vp, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam, Secunda adolescentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem adumbrat:* The first and last are sleepy Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, præcingat se secunda & tertia.* These are the watches Christ mentions for his comming.

Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sicke as the partie, yeelding then, when

when it cannot reſiſt; and then preparing and repenting, when all other helpes and hopes faile.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance. One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoule. The Courtier doth all things late, rites late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia raro vera.

The end of time affoords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior eſt in fine.* Holy *Iob* tels vs, *If thy bones be full of the ſinne of thy youth, they will lie downe with thee in the duſt. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & adiudicium non ſequantur.* When death hath foulded vp thy dayes, all opportunitie is paſt. The cocke crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, ſo ſhrill a voyce could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, that dolefull muſicke muſt end the Scene.

Doe therefore by thy conſcience, as men deale with their Stewards, call it to accou[nt] *ante mortem*

mortem & audies mortem dicentem, Non poſſis vellicare amplius; Ply time while you haue it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta, ſed nec nundinæ poſt hanc vitam nec queſtus loci.*

In a long miſ-led life we amaſſe many ſinnes; it will aske great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time ſuit not. Therefore worke while it is day. *The night commeth when no man can worke.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clauis diei, & ſera noctis. Few and euill are the dayes* of the longeſt liued man; Yet to euery man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three dayes lent, but ſleepe not, *vſque Quatriduum*, leſt it be ſaid, *Hee hath lyen foure dayes in the graue: Iam fœtet.*

One obſerueth that God reſtored life to three men, to one in his bed, to another, on the beare, to the third, in the graue.

They that conceiue ſinne in their hearts, are like to him that

was

was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in sinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and stanke in his graue.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy selfe by the heeues example, who repented, but *in illa hora.* That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from desperation.

It is a strange thing to see that old men will not see death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to seeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the deuill told him he would not bee so cozened.

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum.

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot liue. Till the Physitian find some ill symptomes, the patient may not be disheartned with the name of death. *Zeno* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physitian must haue giuen vs ouer, before we will send for *Barnabas* the sonne of Consolation: But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sicke, but let him see his sinnes, for he is the good Physitian of my soule, that tels me of death, when he sees me liue in sinne.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his ghost will would die in his sinne; yet most men so liue, as if they beleeued, permission were the Article of their faith all their life long, and the Article of Remission of sinnes were reserued till the point of death. No man that truely re-

pents

pents is refused at any time, but many a one sinnes so long, that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying men with griefe for opportunity lost, will repent that ever he liued, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so hee might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte, semper viuit, semper occidit, sed vunquàm præoccidit.*

That which ends all is without end. Remember the foolish Virgines: It will be too late to prepare oyle, when the Bridegroome is comming. The warning is giuen, *Be yee ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut mensem, cùm ve securus per horam constet.* He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur*; that is, when you sleepe best, and thinke least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Iudicem veuientem, nec supplicium horrendum videmus.*

Settlement in Religion is the beſt preparatiue for death.

NOw as it is wiſedome to be prepared for death; ſo if you will die with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of minde, bee well reſolued in point of Religion before you die: play not the hypocrite, nor the politicke, who cares not what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religio ad merem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honeſt men muſt haue ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Doue. For pollicy and Religion do as well together, as they doe ill aſunder. Religion without pollicy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Pollicy without Religion is too ſubtile to be good. Worſe then both is prophane Newtrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſſe. Neuer any man was a loſer by beleeuing: for faith is euer recompenſed with glory; while thou liuedſt,

liuedſt, it was not amiſſe to make doubts; for it ſhewes wit to moue a queſtion well, and it ſhewes iudgement to reſolue well. In multitude of opinions, there is but one truth, and amongſt ſundry truthes, there is but one neceſſary to ſaluation. But in points of difference diſtinguiſh. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more ſafe then indifferency. But in maine oppoſitions be not newter: for it is a leſſe eye-ſore to God to goe vpright in a wrong way, then to halt in a right way.

Though you moue doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall finde it a fearefull thing, to die in doubt; and the comfortableſt thing vnder heauen, to bee well aſſured, and cleerely reſolued in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some loue to ſee the obiect of their faith, and ſo are led to idolatry: Others to cooperate in the worke of their ſaluation, and ſo

giue part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if wee ascribe too little to our selues, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then bee of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ (the life of thy hope heere, and hope of thy life hereafter) say vnto thy sicke soule, as he said vnto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saued thee, enter thou into thy Masters ioy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master *Aristotle* said when hee died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miserere mei.*

Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mei.

Now

Now of the way to dye well.

Non est res magna viuere: Hoc omnes faciunt: sed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors grauis incubat, qui natus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi. Man is ready to die before he liues, but therefore liueth a time in the world, that he may die betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told*: his dayes deceiue him, for they passe as a shadow by Moonshine, then appearing longest, when they draw neerest to an end.

Things giue counsell vnto men, better then men do to the things. Heere we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are set vp to be taken downe againe shortly.

Wee that liue heere, liue by death; for had not Christ dyed, wee had not liued; he dyed for sinne, we liue in sinne. Therefore

with S. *Paul* I will say, *My life is not deare vnto mee, so as I may finish my course with ioy.*

Doe you desire to liue a long time? The sonne of *Sirach* saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias vti, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit. Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est Viuere bis, vita posse priori frui.* He liues twice that bestowes the fore part of his life well.

Vincere scis Hanibal, vti victoria nescis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sinne they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum, quis sit*, but *qui sit*, thats the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conuersionis*, *dies conuer-*

uerſationis, dies reſurrectionis. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent vs flies away in the time that is lent vs, euery moment comming being the death of that is paſt: Therefore weigh well euery leaſt moment; for it is of ſo great moment, as that vpon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalender of time.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practiſe, then by precept.

Vnto dying well three things are moſt requiſite.

1 Firſt, to be often meditating vpon death.

2 Secondly, to bee dying daily.

3 Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death, brings a man to die in ease; for it alleuiates paines, expels feares, eases cares, cures sinnes, corrects Death it selfe.

Quo modo non morimur, cùm viuitur mortuis? wee liue with so many deaths about vs, as wee cannot but often thinke of dying.

Euery humour in vs engenders diseases enow to kill vs, so that our bodies are but liuing graues, and wee die, not because wee are sicke, but because we liue. And when we recouer from sickenesse, we escape not sicknesse, but the disease.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickely; For in the graue, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor trauaile, nor wisedome, nor conuersation, nor

nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadnesse, darkenesse ouershadowing it.

Play then the wise mans part; Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*. Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition. If thou hast any good to doe for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, *fac citò*: for though he be happyest that can enioy a little with the peace of an honest heart, yet if thou hast much goods laid vp in store, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona, si tu sis bonus*. But sing not a *requiem* to thy soule; nor say vainly, *Viuamus dum viuimus, fors fortunâ, vt volet, ordinet*: for so doth a minde vncertaine of successe, relieue it selfe with possibility: *Sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum*. Wisedome is fortunes mistresse, waite on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanitie being past, the night of Iudgement comes: when both light

light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of Wiſedom deſcrie the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man. This man reaſoning with himſelfe but not aright, Saith, Our life is ſhort and tedious, againſt Death there is no remedy, from the graue there is no returning; wee are borne at all aduentures, and hereafter ſhall bee as if we had neuer beene: Our breath is ſmoake, a little ſparke in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turnes to aſhes, and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft ayre. Come on therefore, let vs enioy the good things that are preſent, let vs fill our ſelues with coſtly wine and oyntments: let no flowre of the Spring paſſe by vs: Let vs crowne our ſelues with Roſe buddes, leaue tokens of our iollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our ſtrength be the law of Iuſtice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

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The righteous man is not for our turne, he is alwaies contrary to our doings, hee vpbraideth vs with the law, obiects to our infamy the transgression of our education: He was made to reprooue vs: He is therefore grieuous to vs, his life is not like other mens, his waies are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men haue imagined, but they are deceiued: when they cast vp the account of their owne Sinnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom wee had sometimes in derision, and made a prouerbe of reproach. Wee fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to bee without honour.

But how is hee now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited vs, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought vs? All these are passed away like a sha-

ſhadow, and as a poſte, that runneth by. This verifies that ſaying, *Breue eſt quod delectat, ſed æternum quod cruciat.*

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou finde all worldly pleaſures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum & nihil inuenerunt omnes viri diuitiarum, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

Notwithſtanding, man while he liues, fancies many things, and couets without end: but all to no end. *Et quæ paraſti, cuius erunt?* Either they paſſe from you, or you from them. *Si non habent finem ſuum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou haſt built, *vno ictu proſternentur.*

Priuacy

Priuacie with death, a ſoueraigne cordiall againſt death.

THerefore be acquainted with death betimes, for through acquaintance death will loſe his horrour; like vnto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a Monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte. Death is blacke, but comely. *Philoſtrates* liued ſeuen yeeres in his tombe, that he might be acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philoſophers haue been ſo wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe

discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a faire death were to bee preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moralists thinke this is enough for their part, to conceiue so: But Christians must goe further, and search deeper: They must trye where the power of death lies. They shall finde that the power of euery mans death lies in his owne sinnes.

That death neuer hurts a man, but with his owne weapon: It alwayes turnes vpon vs some sin it findes in vs. *The sting of death is sinne*: Plucke out the sting, death cannot hurt vs. The way to dye well, is to dye often. Let a man often and seriously thinke of dying, then let him sinne if hee can, said *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happinesse; though wee liue in sinne, yet we die without sinne. Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an end

end of troubles, but of ſinne.

The ſecond ſtep.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I dye dayly, ſaith S. *Paul. Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old ſaying is a good one, Doe that euery day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*: But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant.* Let be done willingly what we muſt doe neceſſarily, and what we can doe but once, let that be done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: euery man for

for his owne ends would bee a disturber of the worlds peace while he liued, and make his own peace but iust when he dyed.

Hee that dies daily, seldome dies dejectedly: *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidie moriturum putat*: likewise hee that will liue when hee dies, must dye while hee liues. For if hee dye not to sinne while he liues; his sinne will liue in him when hee is dead.

The widow that liues in pleasure (said Saint *Paul*) *is dead while she liues.* Liue holily, and you shall die happily: Liue as though there were no Gospel, but dye as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vita, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*

Two ſorts of Death whereto euery man liuing is Subiect.

A Liuing man is ſubiect to a double death: The one naturall, the other ſpirituall. Naturall Death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpirituall Death ſeparates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to liue naturally, and to bee dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to liue, but thou art dead*, ſaid Saint *Iohn* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his euill wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſon was dead: but is now aliue.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſicke: Such is the operation of Sinne. Beware therfore of this *Riſus Sardonicus.*

Wee

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his own death, but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we liue, wee kill or looſe our better life. The commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our owne ſoules.

Certainely that which depriues vs of our better life, makes of all other the worſt Death.

It is therefore holy wiſedome for a man to let his ſinnes dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou vertually: that ſo when thou art to dye indeede, thou haue nothing elſe to doe, but die.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis, efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, haue taken thee, leaue them ere they leaue thee: and ſay vnto them, as *Iob* ſaid to his friends, *Miſera-*

ble

ble comforters are you all.

Turba eijcitur, vt puella excitetur, ſaith S. *Marke*. Thy Soule lies as that Damoſell in trances of Death, while ſhee is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequàm turba curarum & delitiarum mundanarum eijcitur.*

There is nothing wherein wiſedome is more ſeene then in the temperate vſe of pleaſures and proſperity (which are but falſe notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly then vaineneſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtulterum ſemper in finibus terræ, but trayle not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor ſui: A dayes ſickneſſe will make vs ſenſible of lifes greefe; yet if life doe delight thee (becauſe Ironies doe deny ſtrõgeſt in affirming) *vtere et fruere*. But take my counſell, keepe life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall finde that exerciſe is no more wholſome for the body then the ſoule; wherefore to ſee well borne men

men to despise honest callings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idlenesse haue at this day banished thrifty diligence out of great mens houses, yet we see gallant *Absalom* was a great Sheepmaster, *Vzziah* the potent king of Iudah had not beene so great a King, had he not beene so great a husband: Good examples to teach vs, That the fortunes of great men, and the brauery of Courtiers, must be built vpon the groundes of frugality; were a calling but to keepe a man from Idlenesse, it were a goodnesse: for the industrious man is seldome at leasure to sinne: whereas the idle man hath neither leasure nor power to auoide sinne.

But howeuer thou entertaynest life, vse it as a trauailour doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Hui appulisti, Cras decedes.* And in thy Iourney follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per*

pertrita ſritur, longiùs abitur: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of euery one you meet, to ſet you on your way, Leſt, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made vs of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein be as great a queſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who neuer let Saint *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to Heauen: yet in any caſe be none of thoſe Queriſtes, who muſt haue a reaſon for euery thing in Religion, who thinke to come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by Faith. As if none but good wittes could euer come to God.

Be dying dayly, and you ſhall ſoone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and obſerue how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, euery man would be dying daily, and loathe to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, the longeſt

longeſt liuer hath but a handfull of dayes, & life it ſelfe like a circle alwaies begins where it ends.

Erat, quandò non erat; ſed erit.

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning ſoeuer man had, yet after death hee ſhall bee ſure neuer to ſee end.

With the Ancient of dayes there are no dayes: And the time ſhall be, when time ſhall be no more. *Supra eſt quod ſupereſt.*

Two common errours.

THere are two common errours which deceiue moſt men:

Firſt, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is ſaluation come vnto thy houſe, ſaid Chriſt to *Zacheus*, when

when hee called him from the Tree.

Faith preuents time, and makes things future, preſent.

A pious man ſo liues heere, as if his conuerſation were in heauen, carying himſelfe not only honeſtly, ciuilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall comportment his preſent life ſeemes ſuperhumane, diuine, and ſpirituall; and ſo by leading a life heauenly, begins heauen heere.

The ſecond errour is, howeuer a man liues, yet if at laſt hee ſeeme to die well, then all is well, and his ſoule is ſure to bee ſaued: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery bee the obiect of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable mans god; yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe then Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not

hope sustaine them: but more haue died flattered with vaine hope.

Not euery one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdome of heauen. Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must die eternally, with *Lord haue mercy vpon vs* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to haue my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sin to Grace: that so I may enioy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought me, saith *Dauid, out of the dust of Death.*

To die by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally wee are euery day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds

the

the strength of our bodies, our common senses are euery day decaying *paulatim*, by little & little: euery sinne is more then a disease, and a wicked life makes a continuall Death. *Impie viuere est diu mori*; Therefore saith the good man *Toto die mortificamur*.

He that vseth this course euery day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither bee terrible nor suddaine.

If we keepe a Courser to runne a Race, we leade him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes vpon his speede, hee doe not starte or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let vs enure our soules, and then *we shall runne with boldnes the race that is set before vs*.

To dye by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser sinnes, and not to say with *Lot*, *I'st not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying and from bloody ſins, and hug in our boſomes beloued, and Herodian ſinnes, *Hoc eſt tolerare, non tollere peccata*: men commonly diſcarde thoſe ſinnes they can beſt ſpare, but retaine thoſe they loue beſt, and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being ſinnes, as Pride, that diſcontented ſinne, muſt bee counted State, Vanity, Ciuility, Diſſimulation, Courtſhip, Anger, Courage, Wantoniſing, a tricke of youth, Swearing, *Genus quoddam ſermonis, non peccati*; but take heed, ſpecially of theſe ſinnes, that make a vertue a ſin, and ſinne to ſeeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia ſe virtutes eſſe mentiuntur. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke vpon ſome vice, but to bee proude in that you are not proud, is a Phœnix pride. So to be drunke for com-

pany

pany is a ſinne worſe then ſinne, for other ſinnes mooue ſhame, but hide it: this diſplaies it. Therefore forced healths at great feaſtes is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* feaſt euery mans rule was his owne choyſe, and the ciuility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cuppes.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſinne, yet of ſinners if eyther party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentiues from ſinne, that liue either amongſt friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieued, enemies may not be prouoked.

Be wiſe therefore in goodfellowſhip, no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt ſome vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man ſo lewde as not to be ſometimes in good moodes, and diſlike ſome ſinnes: the world were not to liue in, if all ſinnes were affected by all men: But certainely great

sinnes will neuer bee conquered, if little sinnes be cherished: formall penitents will easily part with so much of their sinne as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of body, losse of friends, and the like. Vse these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helpes to dying well.

Modest beginnings haue hopefull proceedings, and happy endings; proceede therefore by degrees: the Prophet *Dauid* went, *suspensis gradu*, steppe by steppe, and so *compassed Gods Altar*, God himselfe made nothing absolute at first. This great God loues to haue degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatnesse is the course of the world. Wherfore they say in Court He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy aduancement leaues wise.

Omnis mutatio est quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes vs this order, when hee sayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine.* Hee will not runne till hee bee taught to goe.

Teach mee to doe thy will, and leade me, O Lord, into the land.

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*: land on earth, which by labour yeelds vs all pleasure, that's not it:

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about vs, nor is this it.

There is, *terra quam quærimus*: the glorious land of promise, that's the land we seeke. Into this land, *Duce me, Domine.*

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye ſet your houſe in order: Hee that hath not a houſe yet hath a ſoule: no ſoule can want affaires to ſet in order, for this finall diſſolution.

The chiefe grace of the Theater is the laſt Sceane. It is the Euening that crownes the day, and wee thinke it no good ſigne of a faire morrow, when the Sunne ſets in a Cloude: *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, that night cannot but bee happy, whoſe day hath beene holy.

Dauid in a deepe contemplation vpon the manner of mans dying, Ingeminates the word ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, The iſſues of death belong to thee.*

Liue

Liue religiously and thou shalt die comfortably.

All men, as men, die naturally; as Christians should die religiously. The good man can equally liue, or die; for he knowes if he liue, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receiue him.

Bee faithfull vnto death, and I will giue thee a Crowne of life, saith *Christ*.

Most men wish a short Death, because Death is alwaies accompanyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lie but an houre vnder Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we thinke beyond the strength of humane patience. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is hee happy that by long sicknesse sees Death afarre off; For the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly.

The best posture to bee found in when Death comes, is in the

exercise of our calling, *Prosse* saith S. *Paul, towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heauy vnto Death, then shew a liuely Faith, for at that time a stupid patience is worse then passion.

When thou art speechlesse, vse that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, sed flenit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*: He that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart O Lord thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lye sorrowing for thy sinnes, yet not despairing; for there is ioy in griefe, where the sorrow is for sinnes. *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris, There is more ioy in heauen for one sinner that repenteth then, &c.*

Before thou dyest vow thy soule

ſoule to God, *nã qui iubet vt voueas, iuuat vt reddas.* Offer ſacrifice vpon the Altar of thy heart: If thou haſt not a Lambe, that is, meekeneſſe; or a Bullocke, that is bountifulneſſe, yet a Pygeon, that is wellwiſhing, or a paire of Turtles, that is *Gemitus*, a ſound of ſorrow that thou haſt no better.

Thoſe that haue moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, doe obſerue that the greateſt men, and beſt wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortality, doe then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to deuotion, & ſo end their dayes with moſt quietude in peace.

A good man by his good will would die praying, and doe as the pilgrim doeth, goe on in his way ſinging, and ſo ads the paine of ſinging, to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of paine, vnwearies himſelfe of paine.

But ſome wretches thinke God rather curious, then they faulty,

if a few ſighes, with a [Lord haue mercie vpon vs] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakeneſſe muſt not argue, but yeeld; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not euery one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdome of heauen, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heauen.

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, euen when they are dying; for they ſeldome dye of a ſinne-ſickeneſſe.

The ſickneſſe of the ſoule hath this aduantage of the bodies ſickneſſe. It neuer languiſhes vnder the Phyſicians hand: when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt: no ſooner ſaith *Dauid*, I am ſicke, but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well; no ſooner ſayes, *I haue ſinned*, & muſt die, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not dye.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is iuſt with God that they who

who liue without repentance, ſhould die without comfort.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, thē to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, & ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *Dauid*: but to ſee thoſe elemēts, which compounded, made the body, to ſee them diuided, & the man diſſolued, is a ruefull ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, theſe flie vpward, water and earth, theſe ſink downeward, ſo liuing man becomes a dead carcaſe.

Euery dying man carries heauen and earth wrapt vp in his boſome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuſe his owne death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *Quemadmodum nauim eligam nauigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortēm vtiq; quâ ſum exiturus è vitâ.* But better ſaith

saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam alijs approbare quisquam debet, mortem verò sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to die, so necessary to die well, so dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well aduentured, where it is a gaine to lose it.

Certainely death hath great dependency on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Augustus Cæsar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsârat fores: so often as he heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Euthanasie*: While he liued he vsed to set himselfe between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachrymæ*; when he dyed hee called for his looking-glasse, commanded to haue his haire and beard kembed, *Et Malas labentes corrigi*, his riueled cheekes smoothed vp:

Then

Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cùm ita respondérint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should liue, saith he, Vntill he thinke it better to die then liue: but Saint *Paul* is our best paterne, who being weary of the world, desiring to bee dissolued, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*) *O wretched man that I am who shall deliuer me from this body of death!*

There be many that chuse rather to die quickely, then to liue long sickly, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed latam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando egrotare*, then *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will inuite death to doe them the kindnesse to take them soone out of the world, coun ng a

short

ſhort death the happieſt paſſage of a mans life. If life come once to be a diſpleaſure, then death comes to doe vs a pleaſure, and for this (ſaith *Tully*) a man is moſt beholding to Nature. *Quòd vnum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non ſic itur ad aſtra.* Chriſtians know better waies, as how to liue in grace, that they may die in peace. *In pace ad pacem*; and to whom this grace is giuen, for them glory is reſerued.

O ſaith a good man, how ſafe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine eaſeth, death reuiues, ſinne glorifies.

Yet there is not the ſtrongeſt body, nor holieſt Saint on earth, but at point of death, is ſubiect to ſome trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the ſoule which comes into the body without any ſenſible pleaſure, goes not out of the body without the ſenſe of paine. And it troubles many a good

ſoule

ſoule to ſee men of the beſt liues, to haue diſtempered and perplexed ends; Some rauing, ſome deſpairing, ſome dying ſuddenly, and ſeldome any haue ſo bitter draughts, as thoſe whom God loues beſt.

Naturall diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the naturall cauſes. Deſpaire in dying, may as well ariſe from weakenes of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of theſe can hee bee preiudiced that hath liued well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be ſicke, but his minde is ſound, for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickeneſſe*, and in the inſtant of a ſharpe ſeparation his Soule finds it ſelfe happy, for he knowes, *Si durius ſeponitur, meliùs reponitur*, though it be put

put off painefully, yet is it laid vp ioyfully.

Rauing, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, then mouing from the minde. For vpon deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine wil cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt iudgement to be made, is, that ſinnes of ſickeneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſinnes of infirmitie, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, cannot but be ſaued, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhe ſaw her ſonne at worſt: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not deuoured liuing.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe; ſome haue their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward; ſome before death, that

that is better, becauſe it is outward.

Dauid in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little, O ſpare mee that I may recouer ſtrength before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome yeres of dayes were lent, but wee are not worthy of that fauor, we muſt not expect that God will bring backe the ſhadow of degrees when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *Ahaz*; wee muſt time it as wee may, and be content to liue and die at vncertainties.

Therefore as a ſicke man hearkens to the clocke, ſo let vs watch death. For ſodaine comming of death, finding a weake ſoule vnprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaues it miſerable.

What

What death is to be accounted ſodaine.

SOdaine death of it ſelfe is not therefore euill, becauſe it is ſodaine, but becauſe it may take vs away ſodainely, our ſoules vnprepared. The good man neuer dies vnprepared, becauſe his perſeuerance in goodneſſe, is a prouidence againſt ſodaine death.

To a man well prepared, ſodain death is but a quicker paſſage, and is not to be accounted a ſodaine death, but a ſodaine departure, becauſe it came not vnlookt for.

Though the righteous be preuented by Death (ſaith the Booke of Wiſedome) yet ſhall hee bee at reſt, becauſe hee hath made his peace beforehand. His departure is no miſerie, for his hope is full of eternitie. *Ezekiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him God ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was

was his wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weepe.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, then cannot ſudden death ſurpriſe thee.

Improuiſa nulli Mors, cui prouida Vita; But if a man do not prepare to die, he may liue ſeuen yeeres in a conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is vnprepared.

They take their marke amiſſe who iudge a man by his outward behauiour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, miſ-iudge him not by any ſtrangeneſſe of his death.

Though other mẽ can beſt iudge of our actions, yet a mans heart can beſt iudge of himſelfe. When a man comes to be iudged; his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall giue the euidence with, or againſt him. Many that liue wickedly, would ſeeme to die holily;

lily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, then for any loue to goodnesse. To these men there is *malum triplex, quod manet in septima.* Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in transitu, Pudor in conspectu Dei.* If my life please God, I am sure my death shal please me: Christ neuer leaues any of his at parting. *Elisha* would not leaue *Eliah*, though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happines to die in ease. That mans end is ease, whom death findes with a weake body and a strong soule. *Qui tàm facilè, quanda vult, dormit*, as he that layes downe his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmest at noone.

Aristotle giues the reason; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*: So is it with the soule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes die in exercise of his good-

goodneſſe, but as a wiſe man when he ſleepes, leeſeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though hee die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſſe do not then leaue him, though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in conſumptions and dul diſeaſes, moſt men do) then ſure he goes to heauen, but if he be diſtempred, and of franticke behauior (which happens to many through extreame inflamations) then ſure hee goes to hell; This is a iudgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this caſe truſt not naturall iudgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſicke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes euery night with a quiet conſcience, ſhal meet with leaſt diſturbances when death

death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt, nor will he care who ſhuts vp his earthen eyes, when death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, then euer we could doe open eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blinde, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenitie, ioy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behauiour: Yet wee ſee the cleere ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were deliuered of their light by trauell and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death haue great varietie of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeauours, trauailing of Death as in a Childbirth, ſorrowes, torments, paines being then deathes Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lye open to God without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with

with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Naturall cauſes will haue their operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propertie ſometimes to worke ſupernaturally by nature.

But truſt to this, Beleeue aright, and liue as you beleeue, and you cannot but dye in ſafety. If you would end life quietly, render it vp willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, ſo fixe you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with vs, *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diù.* Shortneſſe of life is no vnhappineſſe, *Citiùs mori tardiùs, ad rem non ſpectat; bonè mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat.*

The booke of wiſdome ſaith, *Good was ſoone taken away, leaſt it ſhould alter his vnderſtanding, or deceit guile his ſoule.*

In principio mundi, cùm homines viuerent in maiori ſimplicitate, Deus

dedit eis longam vitam; poſtquam creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis abuſus, tunc abbreuiauit Deus eorum dies.

Had preſent death beene euill, or long life good, *Cain* had been ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſuruiued; but death commonly begins firſt, where God loues beſt: *His ſoule, ſaith the ſonne of Syrach, pleaſed God; therefore haſted hee to take him away.*

Seldome is excellencie in any kinde long liued; we ſee the beſt men liue not longeſt: and indeed it were iniurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any one from happineſſe.

ric. The beſt cannot be happy but m: diſſolution, their dying being dea a change going from euill to in ad; hopes putting in them ſuch men v life, as they care not to Agerge the old.

the ſe liues of all creatures elſe inte oſt to vs, ours but changed to the J.

If

If the wicked man liue long, it is but to aggrauate his iudgement; if he die ſoone, it is but to haſten it.

One man ſeemes to die caſually, another violently, both by deſtiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat curſum natura, peregi, ſaid the Poet; but the Diuine tels vs, that *vitæ præſentis finem talem eſſe decet, quale futuræ eſt principium:* Nor is the place materiall where we die, ſo we die well. *Moſes* dyed vpon one hill, *Aaron* vpon another hill, but both where they might ſee the land of promiſe; *Felix conſpectus.*

Be as ready to dye as *Moſes* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moſes, goe vp and dye.* With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men inuited vnto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors grauis eſt
poſituro morte labores.
—— Mors mihi merces erit.

All motions tend to reſt.

Aſſurance of life after death.

FOr reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſoules, there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone to heauen.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* vnder the Law, Chriſt vnder the Goſpel; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelfe hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I liue, yee ſhall liue alſo. I am the Reſurrection and the Life. Qui credit in me, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, viuet.* Although my fleſh be eaten with wormes, theſe wormes turned to duſt, blowne through the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, againe thou ſaiſt, *Come againe yee children of men.*

Hi-

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Iob*, but no further: heere ſhall thy proud waues be ſtayed: *Mors vſque ad corpus ſolum pertinget, vltra non progreditur.* I know whom I haue truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*, and I am aſſured hee is able to keepe that which I haue committed vnto him againſt that day.

Reſurgam, ſaid good Biſhop *King*, nor will I feare how this body of mine ſhall appeare another day. For I am promiſed by him that will performe, it ſhall not bee found naked, but this couering of the fleſh being caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory, as with another garment.

The word of aſſurance is, *Redemptor meus*, *My Father and your father*, ſaith the Goſpell: there is great diuinity in theſe pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of aſſurance to mens ſoules, though in mens ſtates they are the ground of all Controuerſies. *I know that my Redeemer liues*, but I doe not

therefore know this, becauſe I will know it; For the will cannot inuade the vnderſtanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur*, things are not ſo, becauſe wee are perſwaded they are ſo; but becauſe they be ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with child, knowes ſhee is ſo, when ſhe feeles it ſtirre liuely: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when we liuely feele his Spirit in vs.

Holy *Iob* ſaith, *Though after the skinne wormes deſtroy the body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe, and mine owne eyes ſhall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity giues certaintie, that this ſoule of mine imperſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body againe, ſhall giue a new being, and a better being vnto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde a man would haue giuen

giuen all hee had, ſhall there bee found ingrauen in a body of gold, whereas heere it was poorely ſet in clay.

It doth not yet appeare what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appeare, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith Saint *Iohn*. *Come then yee bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to giue you the kingdome.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auſtine*, *A man might Age himſelfe in it, and ſooner grow old, then weary.*

The fourth generall diuision.

IIII.

What our last thoughts should be.

Vltimum optimum: Dying words are weightiest, and make deepest impressions: yet our last thoughts are readiest to spend themselues vpon somewhat that we loued best while we liued. *Iezebel* at last was more taken vp with seeming faire, then being happie,

Et tunc quoque versus ad illam, becausse shee loued her face more then her soule.

The

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes diuine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth, his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectorall.

Anatomiſts doe ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which goe to his heart; when theſe breake, man ſpeakes his heart: *Vtinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & nouiſſima prouiderent*, ſaid *Moſes*, when he was dying: Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickely.* Our anſwere is, Amen. Euen ſo come Lord Ieſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leaue drugges, and miniſter onely Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and ſleepe in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine onely thoughts that will animate thy weake body, and refreſh thy thirſtie ſoule, as did that *dew of Her-*

mon falling vpon the *Hill of Sion.*

Rely not longer on the Phyſitian: Earthly meanes were for vſe, they are not for confidence.

All the while I liued, ſaid a good man, I was going on my iourney, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore ſit downe on this ſide Iordan, but haſten to the heauenly Ieruſalem; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, heare my Sauiour ſay, *Euge bone ſerue, It is my Fathers will to giue thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Sauiour is gone vp to prepare a place for mee, but will hee giue mee a Kingdome, and ſhall not I be glad when God ſhall come and fetch mee, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Abſit*: If Chriſt bee gone vp to prepare a place for me, Lord let me be prepared for that place.

place. Now me thinkes I heare my ſoule ſay, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?*

I haue too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Va mihi, quia prolongatus eſt incolatus meus in terra*; woe is me that I ſtill remaine in Meſech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe; Take now away my life, for I am no better then my fathers were. My ſoule thirſteth for thee: when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? Nay my ſoule is now growne ſo high minded, that ſhee ſaith, *Maior ſum & ad maiora genitus, quàm vt mancipium ſim huius corporis*: Bare Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo*, counting the body to be a worſe priſon to the ſoule, then that priſon was to him.

Plato when hee ſaw one ouer-indulgent to his body by high-

feeding it, asked what he meant to make his prison so strong?

The body at best is but the liuing Coffin of the soule, as the graue is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth diuine Contemplation make vs high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but duety in Man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is so heauenly ambitious, as it will not let heauen alone, till it may see, as it is seene.

Granata est anima mea, my bodie is a burthen to my soule, It hath had honour enough to haue beene so long companion with it: wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* saith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my heauen-borne Soule?

The Hermite sitting on his turfe, said ro his soule, *Sexaginta annos seruiuisti Deo, & nunc mori times?*

times? Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O my soule, for I now smell the sauour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in desiderio mora est.* As Christ said to his Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc*: So say to thy Soule; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum.*

Though my soule, as a bird, for necessity sake hath beene faine to stay a while heere vpon earth, yet willingly would it be soaring in the skie; But I finde that *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vinitur*: Specially when I heare my Sauiour say, *Father I will that those whom thou hast giuen me, be with mee where I am, that they may behold my Glory.* *Sybilla* before Christ, and *Plato* since Christ doe both agree, that the vnion of mans soule with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aymes at. Therefore *Desiderio desiderauí ergastuli huius egressum*, that I may see *facie ad faciem* him whom my soule

ſoule loueth, and be, Lord, where thou enioyeſt thy ſelfe, and glorified ſpirits enioy thee.

Oſtende mihi Patrem, & ſufficit. Surely ſaith Saint *Auguſtine* in his meditations, *Domine, creaſti nos ob te, nuſquam erit cor quietum donec perueneritad te.*

Entertaine thy laſt houres with ſuch like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſubleuabunt.* They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into Heauen; yeeld a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Certainely, a good Soule thus imploying it ſelfe, *in iſtâ horâ*, will not leaue the felicity it ſhall haue in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the ioyes that life paſt did euer render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine*, in a high ſpeculation, endeuouring to expreſſe this heauenly ioy, was aſked by a graue old man, Father

An-

Auguſtine, quid agis? A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo ioyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable ioy cannot bee expreſt, *Quantus, vel qualis ſit*, yet is it *Res generoſa conari alta, & mente maiora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt.*

Therefore this we may do, ſome way ſample that, which no way wee can expreſſe: *In arduis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath beene long encaged, then chaunts it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open ayre.

Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas:

Or as a ſicke man, that hath wearily

wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day breake, when the ſunne-beames guild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heauy vpon him, longs for releaſement,

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit:

So will it bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Sauiour ſay, *I am thy ſaluation: Come vnto mee thou that art weary and heauy laden, and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliuerance, belongeth the kingdome of heauen.

Wherefore as a wearied trauailer that hath paſſed a long iourney, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then glad

gladdeſt when hee comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Euen ſo thy ſoule after many yeeres pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, being come with *Moſes* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant land of Canaan from the top of Piſgah, will then laugh for ioy, as doth the Horizon to ſee the Sun comming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this ioy thy dazeled eyes might haue ſome glymps, while thou waſt in health; but then it was, as the blinde mans viſion in the Goſpel, to whoſe firſt ſight men ſeemed to walke like Trees; but

but in this thy new ſtate thou ſhalt ſee clearely men and Angels ſtand before the Lambes throne, and heare thy ſelfe inuited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt bee brought into the wineceller, and Loue will be the banner ouer thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeake to God in the ſame language he ſpeakes to vs.

Come then, O Shunammite, *ſtay me with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am ſicke of loue: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy loue is better then wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my ſoule loueth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noone.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *Dauid* in a Pſalme let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, ſhall bee caught vp to heauen, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezekiel* by the Angel.

And with an Heroicall alacrity tempered with a gratious humility,

ty, giue vp thy ſoule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah, O my ſoule, thou haſt marched valiantly,* and ſay with *Dauid, Return now my ſoule vnto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying S. *Steuen* before his eyes were cloſed, had a faciall ſight of his Sauiour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam, looked ſtedfaſtly into heauen, and ſaw the glory of God, and Ieſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon* after he had ſeene his Sauiour, reioyced then to ſay, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſeruant depart in peace, for mine eyes haue ſeene thy ſaluation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior, vt videam.

The

THE RAPTVRE OF THE SOVLE.

Rapitur anima, cùm cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando iucundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption to heauen; when a man abstracts himselfe from earth, and by Contemplation growes into acquaintance with God, for then hee seemes

ſeemes to conuerſe with God, and become *diuinæ particeps naturæ*, then he ſends foorth ſtrong emanations of Diuine loue. Thoſe *affectiones extaticæ*, are the ſignals, *Amoris liquidi: liqueſcit anima cùm deuotione caleſcit.* Such loue ſuffers not me to be a louer of my ſelfe. *Et quid iſtos niſi* Seraphins *dixerim, quorum cor converſum eſt in ignem diuini amoris? Let him kiſſe me with the kiſſes of his mouth*; ſo begins that *Canticum canticorum: & iucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab oſculo ſumit principium.* This *fruitiuus Amor* by diuine Rapture vnites mee to God; for in Rapture a man ſeemes to walke with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moſes* did; ſee God, as *Stephen* did.

And becauſe ſight increaſes delight; Therefore Rapture would faine aſcend to viſion, *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, ſed quæ non videntur.*

But

But that's a priuiledge for S. *Paul*; *Vidi dominum*, ſaith *Iacob facie ad faciem, & ſalua facta eſt anima mea.* Holy *Hierom* ſweares it: *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum ieiunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina angelorum*, to haue priuate conuerſation with quiers of Angels; *Raptus eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, which raiſes in man towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoule with high apprehenſions; and ſo eleuates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelfe, to liue aboue himſelfe.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of ſo faire and diuine delights, Shee on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne, ſhe goes out of her ſelfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſub-

ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhee quits it as not agill, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my Soule had wings as a Doue, that I might fly, and be at reſt*, ſaith *Dauid*.

It is an admirable thing to conſider that the eie of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a creature, ſhould looke vp euery day to heauen, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet neuer be tyred by the way: by this I ſee that heauenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Opticke) if it bee ſtrong enough, and not ouerclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry vs with eaſe to heauenly extaſie.

The will takes pleaſure to perceiue the vnderſtanding (which is the Soules king) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties both of will and vnderſtanding doe intercommunicate their raiſhments, then are wee ſweetly brought into diuine extaſie.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall

phicall Diuines make three ſorts; one of vnderſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to bee aboue himſelfe in contemplation, and vnder himſelfe in conuerſation. The firſt of the three is, in *ſplendore*; the ſecond, *in feruore*; the third, *in labore*; the one cauſed by admiration; the other by deuotion, the laſt by operation.

In theſe raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtroue to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death, inſomuch as the votaries would ſay, *Neuer was a Saint*, but had extaſies, and rauiſhment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their ſoules into God, to inſoule themſelues in God, to put themſelues out of the naturall comportment of the body, and ſo to liue in diuine extaſie without liuing in the body.

This

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I knew a man in Chriſt fourteene yeeres agoe, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some ſo liued, as it were doubted whether they were liuing men dead, or dead men liuing. Nay, ſome with feruency of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch extaſie, that their ſoules being wholly conuerſant in diuine contemplation, they cared not to affoord common aſſiſtance to nature, and ſo haue dyed through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiuing there was no vſe of any creature to them, that enioyed the Creator.

Thus did loue performe the office of death; *Loue is as ſtrong as death*, ſaith *Solomon*; nay, with them it wrought more then death could doe: for death onely performeth by effect, that which loue operateth by affection; death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules; but loue

ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies liuing.

In ſuch a trance they report Saint *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Iacob, *when hee had faſt hold on God, let him goe for a bleſſing:* but the *Shunammite, My ſoule will not let thee goe ſo;* For ſhe now ſeekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enioy the God of Benedictions.

S. *Hierome* to ſay; *O my Sauiour, diddeſt thou die of loue for mee? A loue more doloreus then death, but to me a death more louely then loue it ſelfe! I cannot liue, loue thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Seuerinus* the Indian Saint was recouering from dying; it is reported hee was heard to ſay, *O my God, doe not for pittie, ſo ouer ioy me; if I muſt ſtill liue and haue ſuch conſolations, take me to heauen. For he that hath once taſted this and thy ſweetneſſe, muſt neceſſarily liue afterwards in bitterneſſe.*

This is the ſtate of loues life in God, which giueth a ſuper-humane

mane being vnto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent loue engrafting me into God by her vniting vertue, makes me now to say, *Viuo ego, sed non ego, viuit verò in me Christus. My life is hid in Christ with God.* And now me thinkes I see him face to face, *Visione illa beatificâ, et iugiter reuelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

I now behold the day spring from high come to visit me. Say then to the North, Giue; and to the South, Restore; And so come Lord Iesus, come quicklie.

MORTIS EPILOGVS.

QVoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe foure things.

1 *Vnde venis.*
2 *Quò vadis.*
3 *Quid es.*
4 *Quid eris.*

VPon enquiry *vndè venis*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miſeri

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Viuere pœna, mors angustia; Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me thinke,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult diuina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit breuior,
Vt labor meus sit leuior.

For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posy*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay,
Vado tels me, I am *in transitu*,
But it reioyceth me to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.
And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in etate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tadet viuere, nec timeo mori:*
Mihi enim mors seruit in solatium vitæ,
Vitam habeo in patientiâ,
Mortem verò in desiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilij, ibo ad patriam: nam
Mortuâ morte renertitur mihi vita.

To

To expresse, *Quid sum.*

QVis fando explicare queat?

Pulvis & Aër, this I know;

Et in pulverem revertêris. This is sure.

That *homo* is *morbidum, putre, cassum:*

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

This

This euery man findes.

Our mettall is, *de humore liquido*,
And the mould no better, *In vtero impuro*,
Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our condition.
Our beſt Stocke is, *Semen Abrahæ*;
Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,
And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren*.

Heere is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongſt Flyes and Fleas.
Our qualitie vile, our waight lighter then vanity, our worth nothing.
What then is our being?
Somnium & dolor.

It

If ſo,

Si natus ſum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego viuere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

Now for *Quid eris.*

This alſo I know,

Quod ſum; & me non eſſe ſcio,
Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero.
Nam videre Deum, viuere cum Deo,
Eſſe in Deo, & habere Deum,
Hoc eſt æterna ſecuritas, & ſecura æternitas.
This may be admired, hardly vnderſtood:
Yet better vnderſtood, then can be expreſſed.
Therefore to my ſoule I ſay not, *O Animula, blandula, vagula:* but,

O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,
Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suauitas, quanta iucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Christum?

FINIS.

Errata.

PAge 4. l. 13. haue r. had. p. 14. l. 15. r. *miſeriæ*. p. 32. l. 20. r. *ſecundùm*. p. 43. l. 28. lay r. are. p. 82. l. 23. r. *æternæ*. l. 18. thou r. then. p. 103. l. 7. r. *mortem venientem præmeditamur*. p. 104. l. 9. *expung.* was moſt requiſite. p. 116. l. 20. r. *fatat*. p. 191. l. 17. r. from on high.